

Contributions.

CHRISTMAS.

Over the hills of Palestine
The silver stars began to shine;
Night drew her shadows softly round
The slumbering earth without a sound.

Among the fields and dewy rocks
The shepherds kept their quiet flocks,
And looked along the darkening land
That waited the divine command.

When lo! through all the opening blue
Far up the deep, dark heavens withdrew,
And angels in a solemn light
Praised God to all the listening night.

Ah! said the lowly shepherds then,
The Seraph sang good will to men;
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born!

Again the sky was deep and dark,
Each star relumed his silver spark,
The dreaming land in silence lay
And waited for the dawning day.

But in a stable low and rude,
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,
The gates of heaven were still displayed,
For Christ was in the manger laid.

—Harriet E. Prescott.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY T. J. NAIR.

Is God's noblest and best gift to men to-day the custom of giving gifts to each other, with many persons, prevails throughout the land; but happier are the dear hearts of thousands this morning who know they have a "Savior who is pleading for them in glory." Go with me this morning to that plane of Bethlehem and see the flocks of sheep watched by the weary shepherds whose half-slumbering eyes are awakened by a brilliancy exceeding the midday sun, there standing in a flood of heavenly light is a form of beauty and out of the depths of heaven, from the lips of angels comes these sweet words. "Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." (Luke ii, 10.) "But my God shall supply all your needs, according to His riches in Glory, by Christ Jesus." The first want with us is to know what is to become of us, not in the sense of what is to become of us after death, but something of the future. I do not believe that there is a single demand of our souls, but will be answered. The eye demands beauty, and we have the flowers. The taste makes its demands and we have the viands. The ear, harmony and we have the songs of birds and of angels. Were it possible for the dear readers of this

article who are suffering from the effect of chilling winds and driven snows, to have the happy privilege of being with us in this beautiful land of summer, and sunshine we could show you the similitude of the land of Canaan.

It is here at this season of the year, that the gentle zephyr wafts earward the joyful notes of the humming bird, mingled with the sweet fragrance of the heliotrope reminding one of "Jesus the flower of the human race." Let us stop the avocations of life for a few moments this bright Christmas morn, and hear the enchantment of music whether it be sacred or secular, it will soften the sympathies, melt the heart and sanctify the home. The glad tidings of pardon and peace was brought to the world by praise and song. Our idea is that to sing the Gospel unto men is the effectual way. Prayer is earthly, praise is heavenly. Prayer is born to die, praise lives on forever. Praise does not belong here, it has a nobler, sweeter, destiny in that better land.

But dear readers we realize that sorrow has come to many hearts in the year that is about to be closed up. Death comes to the palace of the rich as well as to the cottage of the poor and the wail of lamentation and sorrow is heard in all the land. Is there no balm in Gilead? Yes. Jesus is coming "FEAR NOT." To Christ no place was so dear as the fair and lovely Bethany which nestled among the green hills of Judea. Here lived Mary and Martha whose brother was dead. Jesus comes to them, heals their sorrows, and restores their brother, Lazarus to life. Oh, if the stone could be rolled from our hearts, then we could realize that Jesus does sympathize with us in our sorrows. Grief bore Him down in Gethsemane and broke His heart on Calvary? You large brained man, with all your seem to be attainments, do you think you are too grand to fall on your knees before your maker, and pour out your soul in prayer or praise. Not so. Jesus will help you to make the connection so the circuit will be complete. So it was with Zaccheus in the tree. Jesus saw him and said "Come down, you and I will talk together." He made the connection between him and the divine sources.

In conclusion, dear reader, let us take

Christianity, it presents the various lights and forms of a divine system of philosophy, and philosophy is that which asks why, whence, whither, what? No philosophy, unaided by God's truth has ever given humanity a single answer to the question of destiny, God and eternity.

ASHAMED.

Do Christians ever feel ashamed? I dare say all Christians feel ashamed at some time or other, either on account of their individual acts, or the acts of others; in fact I believe the person who is devoid of shame is not a Christian at heart, neither is he thought out of Christ, a desirable associate for the respectable people not Christians.

There are two kinds of shame to which I will call attention, and I desire to draw the line, and hope the reader will ever recognize the distinctive difference. The one is an affection which produces a blushing and sometimes a flushing of the countenance, which is produced by reason of being found guilty of some disreputable act, whether it be stealing, lying, or any act of dishonesty. But they are only ashamed for their own sakes, on account of being exposed. They are not ashamed because they are guilty of such blushing offences, or they would have been ashamed prior to the exposure.

A shame which is due to a grieved conscience, will as a rule, work a reformation.

The Christian however is not supposed to be guilty of such blushing offences, but the Christian professor may be. The Christian may blush with shame before God, when casting his sins and imperfections before him, as in Ezra ix, 6. "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to my God: for our iniquities are increased over our head."

The Christian has abandoned the former shameful things. "What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death." Rom. vi, 21. I would advise the reader to read Romans vi, entire. Our acts are not only liable to bring shame upon our individual selves, but upon others as well, yea,